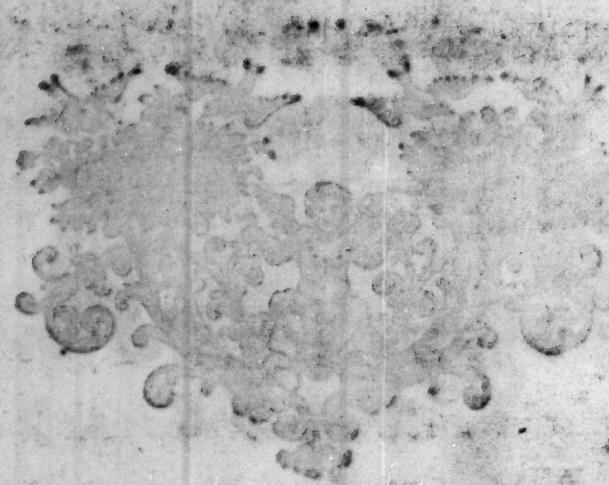


As when old Helms, who but liv'd to eat,
Tell a sad Natives to a City Treat,
His Brother-Brutes, with Cruelty damn'd all Men;
So brand the Wretch, who in his Crime debas'd
And each taught Youth will learn the dire Dilgrace.



FINIS.





A N

EPISTLE

T O

Sir *J--r--y S---b---k.*



[Price Six Pence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPICUREAN



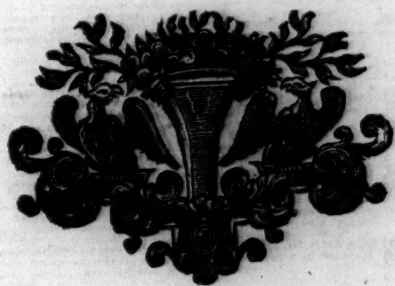
1825

A N
EPISTLE

T O

Sir *J--r--y S---b---k.*
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By a Gentleman at the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's-Head* in *Pall-Mall*.

M. DCC. XXXV.

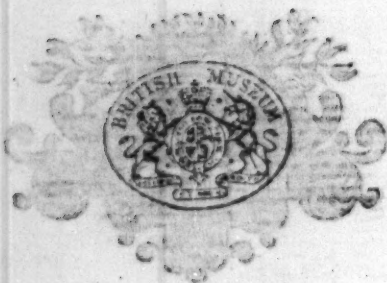
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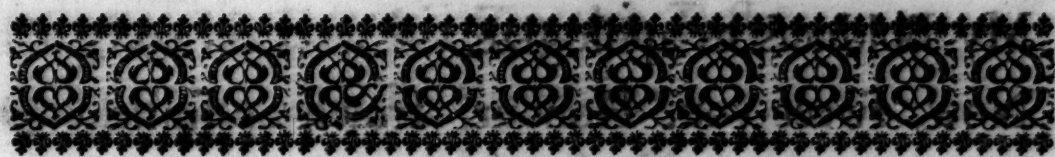
By a Gentleman at the University of Cambridge.



LONDON

Printed for J. Dodsley, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.

MDCCLXXXIII.



EPISTLE

Sir *f--r--y* S---b---k.

WILT Thou peruse what I indite,
 I simple *Saroney*, You Sir Knight?
 To You indulgent Fate has given
 A higher Sphere to move and live in,
 Made in our Lives a Diff'rence wider
 Than 'twixt *Champagne* and *Norman Cyder*;
 Yet since our Studies better chyme,
 Since you can deign to play with Rhyme;
 Poetic Licence may excuse
 The Freedom of a Kindred Muse.

B

Thus

Thus I begin in modest Guise

My Boldness to apologize.

Now, sweet your Honour, frown or smile,

I'll use a more familiar Style,

Call you Sir Jerry, or my Friend,

As either best the Verse will end.

Once sure I might, O happy Time!

That Title boast without a Crime;

When you, learn'd Nobleman, did grace

And cheer this melancholy Place;

At the four Taverns in their Round

I and my Knight were duly found.

The *Turns*, or *Mitre*; *Hoop*, or *Rose*;

By Turns receiv'd us to carouze;

As reeling down the *Ecliptic* Line,

The Sun calls in at every Sign.

But now, alas! each jovial Scheme

Is vanish'd like a sickly Dream,

Whose pleasing Images remain

Imprinted weakly on the Brain.

So when by Chance some wand'ring Wight

On Fairies' circled Haunt does light,

And from their Elfships Favour gains,

To mix among the Sportive Trains;

While

While with the Musick, Dance, and Feast,
 He gluts his Ear, his Eye, his Taste;
 Quick disappears the Revel-Scene,
 And leaves him on the lonely Green.

Why is the sadly-pleasing Thought
 Again to my Remembrance brought!
 Let me renew those Joys in Town
 Or in the Dew of *Lethe* drown.

My Friend, perhaps, inclines to think,
 I've laid aside the Trade of Drink;
 Have tasted of that sober Well,
 Sov'reign the Love of Wine t'expel,
 As *Ovid* does the Story tell.

That full Six Years at *Cambridge* bred,
 Each Classic Author I have read;
 And, Step by Step am lectur'd round
 The Circle of our Arts profound.

That now repleat with Pride and Knowledge,
 I strut a Fellow of the College.

Ah no, Sir.----'Faith they've been so rude
 (Hard Fate!) a growing Bard t'exclude;
 But why should I that Fate regret
 Which *Spencer*, and which *Milton* met.

Yet,

Yet, Sir, by Virtue of Degree,
 I write myself L. L. and B.
 That civil Law I understand,
 I give it under my own Hand.
 But for Philosophy, God wot,
 I know no more than *Hottentot*.
 Blest *Hottentots*! they eat, they drink,
 And hold it Idleness to think;
 Reason, they urge, disturbs our Quiet,
 And Argument engenders Riot.
 Serene, dispassionate, supine,
 They lead, by *Jove*, a Life Divine!
 Points speculative and abstruse
 I leave to Sophists, and their Use.
 Oft they harangue the gaping Fools
 With Cant and Jargon of the Schools;
 Each Passion that the human Breast
 Thro' Nature's Frailty can infest,
 In System regular they state:
 (If Joy, or Grief; if Love, or Hate)
 Define, distinguish, and describe,
 To each assign a num'rous Tribe
 Of Subalterns, that, more or less,
 Elate poor *Alma*, or depress.

Shew

Shew by the settled Laws of Fate
 How Things eternally relate;
 That moral Good, and moral Evil
 Are opposite as God and Devil.

Sure for Philosophy wise Fate
 Did this Meridian calculate.
 The Muse, alas! in vain resists
 Th' incumbent Weight of *Cambridge* Mists!
 Shou'd *Phœbus* dart a kindly Beam
 To quicken our inactive Phlegm;
 Shou'd an advent'rous Bard, in spite
 Of the dull Climate, dare to write;
 Some envious Vapour, from a Fen,
 Lodg'd in the Feather of his Pen,
 Does thence adown the humid Quill
 A soporif'rous Dew distil :
 So If I'm dull, dear Sir, I think,
 You ought to blame the Pen and Ink.

Nay, to the friendly Bottle clings
 Th' unwholesome Damp with flaggy Wings.
 Our Mercury, (in Contradiction
 To Barometrical Conviction,)
 Tho' by thick Air on all Sides prest,
 Ne'er rises 'bove a harmless Jest.

A fine Conceit, begot with Pain
 In the warm Juices of the Brain,
 Just as it penetrates the Pores,
 Just when the Witling thinks it soars,
 For want of rarifying Sun,
 Condenses to a heavy Pun:
 A Pun, the Soul of *Cambridge* Wit!
 For muddled *Port* Companion fit.

Curst with gross Atmosphere, we fight
 For happy *Oxford's* purer Sky;
 Where the bright Genius can prevail
 O'er the dull Feculence of Ale.
 Stupid with Candour and Good-Nature,
 We aim not at their Gibe and Satyr;
 No Sneerer e'er in *Cambridge* rose,
Oxonians only curl the Nose.

You'll ask me, doubtless, why I stay
 So far remov'd from all that's gay!
 Why shake not off the dronish Gown,
 And visit that bewitching Town.

Convey'd, my Friend, where-e'er you please
 In rowling Chariot, at your Ease,
 You know not what Disgusts he meets,
 Who beats the Hoof thro' *London* Streets.

In that Career of Noise and Bustle,
 To press! to squeeze! to thrust! to jostle!
 All hurrying on with equal Speed,
 By Business led, or driv'n by Need.

With Indignation I give Way
 To Men who drudge, like Mules, for Pay;
 To Brawny *Irishmen*, who bear
 The lazy Fop in penfile Chair.
 Whose Backs, heroically broad,
 Stoop to take up an Eunuch's Load!

Haply just rhyming an Epistle,
 (As for Amusement some Folks whistle)
 By some rude Porter I am tost,
 With broken Elbow, 'gainst a Post,
 And then what pretty Thoughts are lost!
 The flourish'd Whip, from rattling Hack,
 Now makes me start with sudden Smack;
 I mend my Pace, as much dismay'd
 As on myself the Whip were laid.
 Full in my Face some spiteful Girl
 Her drizzly Mop contrives to twirl.
 Another, while I musing trail,
 Discharges an unlucky Pail.

And